ANNOUNCEMENTS

The King's Daughters of the Unitarian church will meet at the residence of Mrs. R. A. Sankey this afternoon at 2 o'clock. Everybody interested are invited.

MRS. J. M. WELCH, Sec'y.

There will be a "spelling bee" social, under the auspices of the Y. P. S. C. E., at the Plymouth Congregational church, cor-ner of Lawrence avenue and Secod street, this evening. Refreshments will be served. Come and bring your friends. By order

The Garfield Relief Corps No. 40 will meet in regular session at Garfield hall Tuesday, November 19 at 2:30 p. m. A full attendance is desired as questions of importance to each member of the corps

MRS NELLIE CONKLIN, Sec.

Ivy Leaf chapter Eastern Star, U. D. meets on Tuesday evening. November 19, at 7:30 o'clock. By order of W. M. MAY PEARSE, Sec. y.

There will be a special meeting of the I have gazed at the casket cor Frances Willard Y at the W. C. T. U. rooms this afternoon at 5 o'clock. A full attendance is requested.

A BUFFALO STAMPEDE.

A Tragedy of the Early Days on the North

Loup of the Platte. Cyclones and hurricanes continue to devastate; prairie fires and cloud bursts desolate and destroy; the rivers rise from their beds and carry death on the muddy waters; but the tragedy of the buffalo stampede is never to be enacted again. It was a mighty terror of the plains, more to be feared than a war party of Apaches—more to be dreaded than the billows of fiame licking up the long,

dry grass.
It is high noon on the great plains of cen-

An emigrant party, composed of a dozen wagons and as many families, has halted on the Loup fork of the Platte river to cook dinner and rest their animals. It is midsum-mer and the creek has almost disappeared. Here and there a few barrels of water left in a deep hole, and again the bed of the creek is dry for a hundred rods.

The suns of July and August beat down on the great plains with terrible effect. Creeks rum dry, rivers sink into insignificance, the grass is killed to its roots, and great cracks open in the baked earth to give convenient shalter to insects and reptiles. Then woo to the man or beast who is far from water,

Thirst will craze him in a few hours.

There is water there for the emigrants, such as it is, but the quantity is reduced one-half before the thirsty horses have had their fill. The men look up and down the bed of the creek, but as far as the eye can see in either direction there is no more water. Last May this Loup Fork would have floated a ship in its channel, but the mountain snows have melted, and no rain has fallen for weeks. As the campfires are lighted and the dinner

made ready, let us fiv due north a dozen miles. A bundred miles away is the Niobrara river, rising in the mountains far to the west, flowing in the same eccentric manner, and its bed also just as dry at this season of the year. Five or six days ago a herd of buffaloes numbering thousands drank their fill at the Niobrara as they crossed it, working to the south in fear of the Indian buffalo hunters who were abroad on the Dakota line. and in hopes to find richer pasturage along the forks of the Pintte. Here and there as they have progressed, water has been found in small quantities, but for thirty hours past not an animal has had a drop. The grass is searched and dead, the ground hot to their feet, and the almost solid mass, covering acre after acre, are almost quiet at this mounday hour. Here and there one tosses his head in anger as thirst torments bim, and others give utterance to their sufferings by long drawn

Every animal has a listless look, and you would say that it would require something beyond the ordinary to cause a single one of them to break into a run. The sun glares down like a ball of fire. The stirring of so many feet has filled the air with a fine dust, to add still another terment to the situation. The ox or the horse would long ago have fallen to the earth to dia.

See! Near the center of the herd a great bull suddenly throws up his head and scents of the kings of the berd. Does his keen scent bring the presence of water over the dozen miles of scorched plain? Is there something to make him afraid? He wheels round and round-he utters hourse bellows which excite the animals around him, and in two minutes half the herd is in a state of agitation.

Of a sudden, with massive head held low as if to attack-with eyes blazing-with clots of foam flying from the corners of his mouth -with a flerceness of demeasor which clears a nath for him, he heads to the west and charges through the herd. He is followed by ten-thirty-a kundred-a thousand-by overy animal which can move, and now begins a stampede. A mighty living mass rolls over the plain—a body mere to be dreaded than a tidal wave sweeping in from the sea. Movement lucites to a new energy-a rivalry to reach the front-a sort of madness which knows no fear or obstruction.

The emigrants are at their dinner, and their horses are feeding about them, when an alarm is sounded. One of the horses raises his bend, looks fixedly to the east, and utters a shrill neigh of anxiety. The men look up. The sky is clear, and there are no signs of Indians about. They make light of the warning and sit down, but a moment later half a dozen horses are pulling at their larists, there is a trembing of the earth, and a man whose face is paler than death leaps

"A buffalo stampede! Take to the wagons!" There is room for all, and time for all, but as the men look to the east and see that great living wave, two or three miles long and a mile broad, bearing down upon the camp, they shout in dismay and cry out in despair. Nearer-nearer-coming straight on-mad-dened by their thirst and terrifled by their •wn conduct, and there is a chorus of shricks and shouts—the reports of two or three rifles a series of crashas which blend into one, and the camp has been blotted out. As the great wave hurls itself into the bed of the Loup and beyond, there is no sign of the camp-no sight of the wagons—nothing to tell of the thirty buman beings alive and well and full of hope

Detroit Free Press. The Weather Evens Up.

There is one thing that people who watch the progress of the weather generally agree moon, and that is that there is no known law relative to forecasts or to explain the vicissitudes of the weather. There is one thing, bowever, that is agreed upon, and that is a general equilibrium of the hot and cold weather, viz.: If we miss cold or warm weather at the time we expect it we will get it at some other time. Any four years of weather watched by the barometer or thermometer will show the weather equalized. 1 was acquainted with a friend, now deceased, ok notes from his thermometer every day for forty-nine years, and when he went to draw a profile of his observations he disovered the result named.-Interview in St. Louis Globe Democrat.

Eiffel Tower Resistance.

From calculations made concerning the resistance which the Eiffel tower can offer, it is ascertained that it is able to sustain a normal wind pressure of 881 pounds to the square yard, or a total pressure of more than 6.000 000 pounds. So that, if at any time a hurri-case of such unheard of force should come to bravely stand its ground, while in all probability most of the surrounding monuments in Paris would be demolished.—New York Tele"Remember." said she, "what I have asked exert its force against it, the tower would

I have gazed on the morning of life,
On the rose tinted blush of the scene,
When the fancy of youth was still ripe,
And the beauty of springtide was green;
When the future was shining, in splendor,
Not a cloud in the dome of the sky;
And the pathway of youth was made tender
Though the driftwinds of sorrow were nigh.

I have gazed on the noontide of life; On the midday of withering heat; On the mingling of trouble and strife And the feverish brow of defeat. I have gazed on the heights of ambition That ascend to the regith of lame; I have heard the pulse-beat of life's mission, And I know that true bliss is the aim.

I have gazed on the evening of life, I have gased on the evening of life,
On the sweetness of calm and repose.
On the surcease of sorrow and strife,
And the grandour that living bestowa.
I have seen the gray shadows fast falling
Round the tottering frame of old ago,
And the ochoes of night were fast callingMother Nature has turned the last reach

Mother Nature has turned the last page I have gazed on the sunset at last; On the vision of crimson and gold— When the shade tints of evening are past, Then the beauties of dawn will unfold.

The remains of a dear one who's gone, and the symphonics sweet are refraining.
On the flight to the beauties beyond.

Louis N. Crill, Jr., in St. Paul Pioneer Press.

AN HOUR'S TREASON.

Jacques Laborde was the son of an Arden nzis peasant, who had drained himself to his last sou to send him first to the Lyceum of Charleville and thence to Saint Cyr, and who had ended by adoring a child whom he had begun by hating, costing, as it did, the life of its mother.

Coming out from school at the head of his classes, he was, at 21 years of age, one of the most promising officers attached to the staff of the major general in the Rue Saint Domi-nique, and one of whom his chiefs predicted

Physically he presented the singular type of the Ardennais peasant by the Belgian fron-tier—tall, robustly built, with black eyes and a rosy skin that told of the ardent fire thrown into his veins by a southern sant perhaps, also, the intermingling blood of two races de

veloping in one. Exceedingly limited in resources, for his father was now dead and had left him noth ing in the shape of property but a valueles but in the depths of the forest, he lived in a tiny lodging on the fifth floor of the Rue de Verneuil, and with stardy pride and horror of debt condemned himself to a life of rigid austerity. He thought of nothing but work and study and never dreamed of indulging in pleasure, though at the bottom of his soul there was a fund of passion and tenderness that more than once drew a sigh from his lips as he recalled with dreamy eyes those visions of beautiful women and young girls encountered three or four times a year at the

balls of the ministry.

But it was not till the close of December. '85, that Jacques Laborde's peace of mind re-ceived a mortal shock. A woman, of course, who had made upon him an impression from which, in spite of his efforts, he was unable to

free himself. She was called the Comtesse Jeanne d'Antrague, and was of a captivating and danger-ons beauty, slender, yet admirably made, with dazzling teeth, plump and rosy lips, dark eyes of a singular splendor and a smile as sweet and guileless as an infant's. Scarce ly 25 years of age, they said she was a widow, and in truth she did live alone in a marvel-ously furnished dwelling in the Rue Malesherbes and under the protection of a de-crepit old man whom she declared her father,

Whence did she come! Who was she and what was her object? A preblem as yet un-solved, and above her mirror in her sleeping chamber, as if in answer to every surmise, appeared the curt and mysterious device: "Rien a moi."

From her—nothing; yes, but from the po-lice, had they thought to ask it, a "surveil-lance report," that closed with a phrase no less clear and decisive than the one above the lady's mirror, to wit: "The Comtesse d'Antrague, an exotic wasp, for the time being

Briefly—a spy!
And it was for this foreign spy that Jacques Laborde was seized with his mad passion, and with fever rioting in his brain wandered and with fever rioting in his brain wandered his calmness and to be stopped again by the like one disordered through the streets of Paris, seeking to fly from his own heart. The vined, but life had suddenly grown heavy to

him and his days and work odious Seeking always to see her, and at last suc ceeding, he avowed his love for her. She received his avowal with a frank smile and the gayety of a child who hears a language which it does not comprehend. He grew elequent, and the fervor of his passion animated and

made his black eyes burn like flame. This went on some months, perhaps; and then-she refused him. No matter, he still loved her, and at times to his whirling brain came wild ideas of suicide or murder.

Murder because she was always calm and smiling; seemed to flud a pleasure in this torture of a soul, and to await, with the craft and siyness of a woman—ah! she bad not yet told him for what she did wait!

Some weeks more passed thus, and Jacques Laborde shunned his comrades; they saw him nowhere, and he was thin and pale and stooped in the shoulders, as if bent under a heavy weight; and, taken with a horror of even his friends, repuised every effort at dis-traction to live in the thought of Jeanne.

Why had she refused him! For what did she watch him-and wait! It was this he asked her one evening, kneel-ing at her feet in her boudoir, hung with a duil velvet drawn like a jewel case, and light-

ed by a single taper, that gave it the aspec of a mortuary chamber.
"Tell me, Jeanne," he cried, "tell me, what

is it that you wish me to do?" Wish him to do? She turned upon him a long, long gaze, her lashes trembled slightly, and Jacques, whose ardent eyes were fixed

upon her own, saw with astonishment that she had suddenly grown very pale.
"Listen to me," said she, presently, and she bent ber lips to his ear and began to speak in a tone so low you would have thought her afraid that some one would hear her words. Ten words, not more, but still sufficient to

bring him to his feet with a face of horror and a brow moistened suddenly with sweat. "It is infamous!" he cried. "It is infamous, infamous!" And without another word or a backward peating only from time to time, as if facing

haunting thought: "Yes, infamous, that which she exacts?"
As for the comtesse, she remained where he had left her, seated in her chair, caim, un-rufiled, and with a slight, seemful smile on

her red lips as she caught the sound of the heavily closing door.

"He will return," she said aloud, rising languidiy to ring for her maid, "he will return, and soon."

And she awaited him for many days, but he did not return, though he wrote her daily burning letters-mad, insensate appeals. She did not answer, and with every letter the same strange smile returned to her lips, and every morning and evening Jacques Labords watched and waited for a word or message that did not come.

"She means it, then!" he cried, despairing by, his fingers clinching in his palms till the nails were buried in the flesh, "she means it, to betray my country, to give to her the secrets of its defense; never, never! It is too

horrible!" All the same, the very next day saw him at the Compense's door and saw him refused admittance. He insisted, entreated, pushed the lackeys aside, and forcibly sought to enter. They forced kim back, they hunted

of you. Obey me, and I am yours."

"The de all the devil!" he grouned in agony. And he struggled anew with the atrocious thought; his honor as a soldier, his pride as a Frenchman revolting against it; shame, rage, love, by turns disputing his heart. He loved her, he was weak as a

he got up and regarded himself in the glass— white, haggard, shaking; it was the face of an old man that confronted him.

"So be it," said be, as he looked; "she de-mands an infamy. Well, that infamy, I commit it, and afterward—will kill myself imme

mit it, and afterward—will kill myself limbed diately!"

And reclothing himself in his uniform, Jacques Laborde descended to the street. Where was he going! And what going to do! He was going to the Rue Saint Dominique, to the Ministry of War, on whose staff he was a trusted officer, and he was going to find and to copy, if possible to do so, the important papers relative to the concentration of the French forces in case of a German at the concentration of the staff was the staff of the staff was the staff of the staff was the staff of the staff

This was what Jeanne d'Antrague had denanded of him-a treachery in payment for

And in the streets, as he wandered on and on, Jacques staggered on his legs like a drunken man, murmuring to himself in broken works and laughing at times a strange laughter half choked with a sob. Still, he intended to obey Jeanne; he was on his way to obey her then, and that same day would ee the triumph of his love!

From time to time, as he walked at ran dom, he would stop a moment as if to retrace his steps. He could not do it—his will was powerless; and always before him shone the face of Jeanne, her soductive smile and the dangerous charm of her beautiful body. Jeanne preceded bim; it was she who showed him the road with the tip of her finger and said to him: "Thou dost not love me, then!"

He was truly like one intoxicated. He ran on stumblingly; the people stopped to look at him; he heeded them not. Some gamins and soldiers saluted him as he passed; he saw them not. And then, all of a sudden, in the Rue de Grenelle, with head bent forward and ears alert, he stopped and listened; he had caught the sound of a bugle roll, the rhythc tread of a battalio

He wished to fly, but could not; his feet were nailed to the pavement, and the soldiers upon him, marching gallantly with guns on houlders and trumpets ceaselessly sounding their warlike notes, recalling battles, the crack of musketry, the cries of combat and triumphant assaults.

It was not till the last echo of the battalion had passed from hearing that Jacques La-borde, breathing freely again, resumed his way to the ministry. But gradually as he approached it his step became heavy and slow; he stopped more frequently and looked behind him, and soon, before its door, he saw the sentry box, the sentry beside it, erect and motionless and gun in hand.

A brave and honest soldier, too, this sentry, strong and broad of shoulder, heavy of figure and wearing the uniform of the infantry of the line, his frank, rosy countenance mottled with freckies, his hair and mustache a flery red, and the air of a raw recruit imprinted on every feature. Certainly not a handsome soldier, but Jacques Laborde, standing there and watching him with widening eyes, saw him grow and grow and take on astounding proportions and double and self and become as a legion. tions and double and quadruple him

It was no longer a single sentry box and a single occupant he had in front of him-it was the whole nation; it was France herself angered and accusing! This soldier, so hum-ble and awkward, had come fram afar, had left his home, his flocks, his farm, his carts and harvesters, his family, perhaps, to do his duty—he loved and would defend his country! Ay, and from every corner of France had come others like him to do the same at the trumpet's call!

He approached him closer; he was com-pelled, in fact, to pass him to enter the door, and the soldier, seeing an officer coming, drew his heels together, fell into position and

presented arms.

Jacques uttered a stifled exclamation-France embodied in this soldier-France sa luted her traitorous son!

to come again when he had a little recovered

It was too much; he could stand it no longer, and with a touch of his kepi in re-sponse to the salute, Jacques Laborde wheeled and returned to the Rue de Verneuil, to that tiny lodging and room where he had dreamed and thought of this coming war, where he had suffered and where he had yielded himself to a thought of treason.—Translated from the French of Mery, by E. C. Waggener, for

On the Boulevard. "Do not forget the poor blind man, mon-

"But the last time I saw you you were deaf and dumb." "True, monsieur; but you can hardly ex-pect a gentleman to follow a profession for-ever in which he loses money."

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